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BOOK OF WORDS

OF THE

SECOND ALBANI CONCERT,

MONDAY, 4TH FEBRUARY,

1889.



ALBANI CONCERT,

Monday, 4th February,

1889.



PART I.

SONG, - "The Children of the City," *Stephen Adams.*

Miss DAMIAN.

Ever in the mighty city,
Pass the children to and fro,
Thro' the parching dust of summer,
Thro' the bitter winter snow,
And their little feet are weary,
And their hearts with toil opprest,
For what is life but labour,
And what is death but rest?

In the workshops they are toiling,
In the crowded streets they stand,
Lifting to the heedless passer
Faltering voice and pleading hand,
Stumbling in the wild confusion,
Deafened by the deadly strife,
Till they lose the glimpse of heaven,
And there seems no better life.

Abba Father, Abba Father,
From their bondage set them free,
Abba Father, Abba Father,
Suffer them to come to Thee.

SOLO—Flute, - "Valse de Concert," - *Durand.*

Mr. BARRETT.

SONG, - - "More and More," - - *Tosti*

Mr. BARRINGTON FOOTE.

Oh! could I tell my heart's fond prayer,
And how I long for thee!

Thou art my very life and hope,
 And more than all to me.
 Shouldst thou prove false, and then, oh love,
 My passion coldly spurn,
 Still I would love thee more and more,
 And for thee only yearn.

Yes, love, I love thee more and more,
 Oh, bid me leave thee never;
 Believe me this, were all else false,
 I love thee more than ever.
 The flowers of gold e'en turn their gaze
 To catch each sunlit ray;
 I too, oh love, to thee I turn,
 For ever light my way.

And as the years and years roll on,
 Across time's endless shore,
 I'll be with thee, and stay with thee,
 And love thee more and more.

Yes, love, etc.

GRAND ARIA, - "Piano, Piano," (*Der Freischütz*) Weber.

Madame ALBANI.

RECIT.

TRANSLATION.

Come una volta il sonno	Before my eyes beheld him,
Soleami consolar	Sleep never was my foe!
Or gli occhi miei non ponno	But hand in hand with sorrow
Che in lagrime vegliar.	Love e'er is wont to go!
Oh come puro è il ciel	The moon displays her silv'ry light
Qual notte brillia!	Oh! lovely night.

Piano piano canto pio!	Softly sighs the voice of evening,
Si solleva fino al Dio!	Stealing thro' yon willow grove;
Den tu penetra tu echeggia	While the stars like guardian spirits
Nella santa eccelsa reggia.	Set their nightly watch above;
Come belle son le stelle!	Thro' the dark blue vault of ether
Quanto vivo e quel fulgor	Silence reigns with soothing pow'r.

Ma in lontano d' un urcano
Parmi udire lo stridor
E sull' alpi è al bosco già
D' atre nubi un stuol si fa
Dio clemente che posseilte
Regni in cielo eternamente
Da te imploro Dio che adoro !
Pel mio ben e ristoro !
Ciascun alma in dolce calma
Sol is fida amante sposa
Sto qui ansiosa orrecchiar
Ma non odo a susarrar

Che un piacevol zeffiretto
Che al fronde nel boschetto
Sento i soii russignoli
Collor canto a gareggiar !
Ma che ? m' inganno ovver
S' accosto alcun la sulla via
Degli alni un nomo sta !
E lui ah si presto
Il segnal d' amor deh vola
Mio ben ! a questo sen !
Ma chino ha il capo
E non mi vede ancor
Ciel miro ! alfin respiro
Il suo capello adorno e di fiori

But a storm o'er yonder mountain,
Darkly brooding, seems to lower :
And along yon forest's side,
Clouds of darkness slowly glide.
Oh ! what terrors fill my bosom,
Where, my Rodolph, dost thou rove ?
Oh ! may Heaven's protection shelter
Him my heart must ever love ;
Earth has lull'd her cares so rest ;
What delays my loitering love ?
Fondly beats my anxious breast :
Where, my Rodolph, dost thou rove ?

Scarce the night wind's whisper'd
vows
Wake a murmur 'mong the boughs !
Now the widow'd Nightingale
Softly tells her piteous tale. [grove !
I hear a sound, I hear in yonder
Hark ! hark ! 'tis Rodolph's step, 'tis my
It is, again my heart shall prove [love !
The bliss that springs from anxious
The moonbeam bright : [love
Oh heaven ! dost thou my sight ?
With flow'ry wreath is bound
Success, my Agnes, is bound
crown'd,
Oh bliss ! thine Agnes then shall see
The victor's chaplet given, my love, to thee.

ARIA, - - "Salve Dimora," (*Faust*) *Gounod*.
Signor MASSIMI.

SONG, - - "The golden Thread," - - *Gounod*.
Miss DAMIAN.

I slept in tears, and my slumbers brought
A dream of my love long dead :
Softly he laid in my hand, I thought,

The end of a golden thread :
 "Follow," he said, "Where it leads afar,
 Till we meet, and our hearts rejoice!"
 His eyes were pure as the morning star,
 His voice was an angel's voice!

Then, ever on, in my mystic dream,
 With my sorrow hushed at last,
 Guiding my steps by its lucent gleam,
 Through the paths of men I passed;
 Through the homes alike of the high and low,
 Of the rich or the poor it led,
 Through the halls of joy, or the haunts of woe,
 I followed the golden thread.

It stretched at last to the starry height,
 Yea, further than eye could see,
 And my dream grew clear with a wond'rous light,
 And I knew where the end must be!
 And as sweetness of song, and of music rare,
 Stole down from the realms above,
 I knew that the golden gates were there.
 And the golden thread was love.

AIR, - - "With verdure clad," - - *Haydn.*

Madame ALBANI.

DUETTO, - "Ai' nostri monti," (*Il Travatore*) *Verdi.*

Miss DAMIAN and Signor MASSIMI.

PART II.

SOLO FLUTE, "Fantasie," *Gounod's Faust.*
(Arranged by DeJong.)

MR. BARRETT.

ARIA, - "Valze," (*Romeo e Giuletta*) *Gounod.*

MADAME ALBANI.

Nella calma
D' un bel sogno dolce all' all' ma
Sta il mio cor.
E fidenti
Lo vagheggio nella mente
Come un tesor.
Quest' ebbrezza
Si fugace !
Non dura ohimè che un di.
Vien l' istante
Che tremante
All' Amor s' apre il cor
E tutto ahimè, svanisce all' or.

Lungo dal verno argente
Voglio ancor spirar
L'aura d' April tepente
Che fa baci sognar.
Quest' ebbrezza
Di giovinezza !
Dolce parlar al cor
Più d' ogni amor !

ARIA, - "O du mein holder Abendstern," - *Wagner.*

MR. BARRINGTON FOOTE.

Wie Todes-ahnung, Dämmerung ceeckt die Lande,
Umhüllt das Thal mit schwäzlichen gewande
Der Seele die nach jenem Höhn verlangt
Vor ihrem Flug durch Nacht und Gransen bangt.

O du mein holder Abendstern,
 Wohl grüsst' ich immer dich so gern!
 Von Herzen die sie mir verrieth.

Grüsse sie wenn sie vorbei dir zieht
 Wenn sie entschwebt das Thal du Erden
 Ein sel'ger Engel dort zu werden.

CAVATINA, - "Cielo e Mar," (*La Gioconda*) *Ponchielli*.
 Signor MASSIMI.

QUARTETTO, - - - (*Mefistofele*) *Boito*.
 Madame ALBANI, Miss DAMIAN,
 Signor MASSIMI, Mr. BARRINGTON FOOTE.

Conductor, - - Signor BEVIGNANI.

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by the above well-known Establishment.*